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SELECT
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BRITISH POETS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL PREFACES.

BY

DR AIKIN.

in Ten Volumes. VOL. IV.



LONDON.

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MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, a distinguished poet, was born in 1664, in London according to one account, according to another at Winborne, in Dorsetshire. His father dying when he was young, an uncle, who was a vintner, or tavern-keeper, at Charing-Cross, took him under his care, and sent him to Westminster-school, of which Dr. Busby was then master. Before he had passed through the school, his uncle took him home, for the purpose of bringing him into his own business; but the Earl of Dorset, a great patron of letters, having found him one day reading Horace, and being pleased with his conversation, determined to give him an university education. He was accordingly admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682, proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was soon after elected to a fellowship. After having proved his poetic talents by some college exercises, he was introduced at court by the Earl of Dorset,

and was so effectually recommended, that, in 1690, he was appointed secretary to the English plenipotentiaries who attended the congress at the Hague. Being now enlisted in the service of the court, his productions were, for some years, chiefly directed to courtly topics, of which one of the most considerable was an Ode presented to King William in 1695, on the death of Queen Mary. In 1697, he was nominated secretary to the commissioners for the treaty of Ryswick ; and, on his return, was made secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He went to France in the following year, as secretary, first to the Earl of Portland, and then to the Earl of Jersey ; and being now regarded as one conversant in public affairs, he was summoned by King William to Loo, where he had a confidential audience. In the beginning of 1701 he sat in Parliament for East Grinstead.

Prior had hitherto been promoted and acted with the Whigs : but the Tories now having become the prevalent party, he turned about, and ever after adhered to them. He even voted for the impeachment of those lords who advised that partition treaty in which he had been officially employed. Like most converts, he embraced his new friends with much zeal, and from that time almost all his social connections were confined within the limits of his party.

The successes in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign were celebrated by the poets on both sides ; and Prior sung the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies : he afterwards, however, joined in the

attack of the great general who had been his theme. It will not be worth while here to take notice of all his changes in the political world, except to mention the disgraces which followed the famous congress of Utrecht, in which he was deeply engaged. For the completion of that business he was left in France, with the appointments and authority of an ambassador, though without the title, the proud Duke of Shrewsbury having refused to be joined in commission with a man so meanly born. Prior, however, publicly assumed the character till he was superseded by the Earl of Stair, on the accession of George I. The Whigs being now in power, he was welcomed, on his return, by a warrant from the House of Commons, under which he was committed to the custody of a messenger. He was examined before the Privy Council respecting his share in the peace of Utrecht, was treated with rigour, and Walpole moved an impeachment against him, on a charge of high treason, for holding clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary. His name was excepted from an act of grace passed in 1717 : at length, however, he was discharged, without being brought to trial, to end his days in retirement.

We are now to consider Prior among the poetical characters of the time. In his writings is found that incongruous mixture of light and rather indecent topics with grave and even religious ones, which was not uncommon at that period. In the faculty of telling a story with ease and vivacity, he yields only to Swift, compared to whom his humour

is occasionally strained and quaint. His songs and amatory pieces are generally elegant and classical. The most popular of his serious compositions are "Henry and Emma," or the Nut-brown Maid, modernised from an antique original; and "Solomon," the idea of which is taken from the book of Ecclesiastes. These are harmonious in their versification, splendid and correct in their diction, and copious in poetical imagery; but they exert no powerful effect on the feelings or the fancy, and are enfeebled by prolixity. His "Alma," a piece of philosophical pleasantry, was written to console himself when under confinement, and displays a considerable share of reading. As to his elaborate effusions of loyalty and patriotism, they seem to have sunk into total neglect.

The life of Prior was cut short by a lingering illness, which closed his days at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, in September, 1721, in the 58th year of his age.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM.

Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand),
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
 Careless of what the censuring world may say :
 Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?
 No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old ;
 Though since her youth three hundred years have
 roll'd :

At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd ;
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again :
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
 And, while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame,

O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace,
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
 And, as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
 O let the story with thy life agree:
 Let men once more the bright example see;
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
 But, oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
 My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame,
 With mingled waves, for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward, with successful care,
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.

He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name :
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd :
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please, who imitate their lord) :
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the land were known :
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd ;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came ; they saw ; they marvell'd ; and they
lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.

Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown ;
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame ;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right-hand his beechen pole he bears ;
And graceful at his side his horn he wears :
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;

And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song :

While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear ;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow ;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft interpreters of love :
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)

Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :
Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth :
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth. .

O impotent estate of human life !
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife ;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
And most we question, what we most desire !
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,

He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;
If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd, and half conceal'd, his flame,
Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
Which, as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown ;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes :
To the lone tree the lovely maid invites.
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her
power ;

And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid ;
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid,
And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus, with his hundred eyes, shall find
Where Cupid goes ; though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But, oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
His painted grief does real sorrow move

In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break ;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms ;
And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas ! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued ;
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;

And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the Moon?
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say,

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took ;
Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd :
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to
rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
Let every tongue its various censures choose ;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair Truth, at last, her radiant beams will raise ;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe ?

When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou, (but Heaven avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed ;

To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove ? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east ?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood ;
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try
(Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate ?
These seats, whence long excluded, thou must

mourn :

That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return :
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove ?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea ;

While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
Our loves : one destiny our life shall guide ;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey ;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
And, when at night with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him down
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone !

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view :
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew

By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill ;
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :

And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the wildest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest :
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee :
O line extreme of human infamy !
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandon'd mind !
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame ;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :
 No longer loose desire for constant love [to rove.
 Mistake : but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ! [fame.
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's
 And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ;
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ;
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?
 Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone ?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue ?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth :
Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight :
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep ? let Nature judge our
 case ;

I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
 Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms ;
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
 (If Beauty's force to constant love can bind,)
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :
 Then, from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great errour led ?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?

Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow ; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord,)
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead ;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect,
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart ;

Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
tear

To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove ; and conscious Venus, hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !
At least, excuse a trial too severe :
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth !
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl : him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

'To greatness next to empire : shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age, unheeded, by delight come on :
While yet superior Love shall mock his power :
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast,
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest,)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day, the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
O ! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?

None, none there is; the thought was rash and
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.

Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet, while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;

And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store ;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
And these, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves ;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

" Now, Mars," she said, " let Fame exalt her
voice :

Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield ;

And when as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign ;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;

The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :
Let her, at least, perform what I desire ;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults, and thy fights are past ;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove :
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

“ Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear ;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.”

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
“ And thou,” she smiling said, “ great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise ;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.”

ALMA:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γίλως, καὶ πάντα κόως, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὶν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or where
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we still regret.
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast!
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:

. Here Matthew said,
" Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.

* Himself. † Mr. Shelton. ‡ Tonson.

And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein :
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost ;
While every where she rules the roast.

“ This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek,)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

“ Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain ;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes ;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike ;
The duke they court ; the toast they like ;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.

“ Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious :
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

“ Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :

Could Alma else with judgment tell
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster* and an *onion*?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn what lord approaches.

“ By nerves about our palate plac’d,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters.

“ Hence, too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear:
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th’ *alarums* which they beat.

“ Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to deal in,)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes and fingers’ ends;
And these, in *gratitude*, again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed,
(As just before, I think, I hinted,)
Alma, inform’d, can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

“ Thus, while the judge gives different journeys
To country council and attornies,

He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home :
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

“ The scholars of the Stagyrte,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain ;
You grant, at least, she is extended :
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For, till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure to the head,
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs, we plainly see,
Each in his way as brisk as he ?
For music, grant the head receive it,
It is the artist's hand that gave it ;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies ;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.

What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone ?
A foolish figure he must make ;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.

“ Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go ;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

“ If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes ;
Or teeth, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Num-skull*'s self should take the place :
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
'Their correspondent teeth will chatter :
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.

“ Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue :
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

“ A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.

Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man, sure, e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can" — "Pray," says Dick, "hold in your Muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *alternate* verse." —
"Verse," Mat reply'd; "is that my care?" —
"Go on," quoth Richard, "soft and fair."
"This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade;
As if she haply had sat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *thesis* find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.

No, no : he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the bodice,
And not for an *ideal* goddess.
No errour near his shop-board lurk'd ;
He knew the folks for whom he work'd :
Still to their size he aim'd his skill :
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill ?

“ Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry :
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes ;
Your spectacles upon your toes :
Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see.

“ But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd ;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same ;
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook :
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.

“ The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought ;

Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky ;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound, ' Whittington, lord-mayor.'
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme* ;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream ;
North Britons thus have *second-sight* ;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

" Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma, can ne'er decay nor die :
This flatly t' other sect deny ;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The *tenets* of their master's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise ? and which were fools ?
Poor Alma sits between two stools :
The more she reads, the more perplext ;
The comment ruining the text :
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate :
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

" These different *systems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion,

Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
And sail along the middle stream ;
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
How many would admire our toil !
And yet how few would comprehend us !
“ Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence ;
Oh ! may my words be lost in sense !
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

“ My simple *system* shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes ;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees ;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs ;
And all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist ;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb ;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

“ From the feet upward to the head ”—
“ Pithy and short,” says Dick, “ proceed.
“ Dick, this is not an idle notion :
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move ;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

“ Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close ;
Lest Alma, newly enter’d in,
And stunn’d at her own christening’s din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma’s case ;
As in a luckless gamester’s place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

“ Again ; as she grows something stronger,
And master’s feet are swath’d no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his *loco-motive* tricks ;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him ;
When half asleep, she overlays him.

“ Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride ;
Till thoughtful father’s pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses :
And happy be their infant courses !

“ Hence for some years they ne’er stand still :
Their legs, you see, direct their will ;
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run ;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.

“ To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,

With *sympathetic* power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms ;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stool-ball seen ;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar :
Both legs and arms spontaneous move ;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

“ Another motion now she makes :
O, need I name the seat she takes ?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds ;
The sport and race no more he minds ;
Neglected Tray and pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove ;
Their parley but augments their love :
So to the priest their case they tell :
He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

“ But, O my Muse, just distance keep ;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time, the bodice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd ;

And that young life and quickening sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence.
 So from the middle of the world
 The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken Earth with genial flames."

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
 And thus the youth put in his word.
 " Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
 A higher place than you assign'd him."

" Love's advocates ! Dick, who are those ?" —
 " The poets, you may well suppose.
 I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
 The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone, for private ends,
 I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius ;
 If he may be allow'd to teach us.
 The self-same thing soft Ovid says,
 (A proper judge in such a case,)
 Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur* ;
 And happy was that curious speaker.
 Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
 What signifies too long quotation ?
 In ode and epic, plain the case is,
 That Love holds one of these two places.

" Dick, without passion or reflection,
 I'll straight demolish this objection.

" First, poets, all the world agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please.

Matter and figure they produce ;
For garnish this, and that for use ;
And in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests :
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord-mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare ;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard :
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal ;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the peel and flowers ;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

“ That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes ;
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?

“ Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit :
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.

His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

“ Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy’d mother ;
Calls her great queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.

“ Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin’s cheats, or Cæsar’s merits.

“ Nor e’er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse ;
And, if folks ask the reason for’t,
Say, one was long, and t’other short.
Thus, I presume, the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater :
Why should it then be less in metre ?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover’s *heart* :
But, if he takes his bow and quiver ;
’Tis sure he must transfix the *liver* :
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.

“ But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne’er shall be allow’d in prose ;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own affair ;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices ;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle’s insipid tide :
Else we should want both gibe and satire ;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness.
My *logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same :
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.

“ The like may of the *heart* be said ;
Courage and terrour there are bred.
All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo* :
And mighty physical their fear is ;
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o’ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high ;
The strings of which, in battle’s heat,
Against their very *corslets* beat ;
Keep time with their own trumpet’s measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.

“ Now, if ’tis chiefly in the heart
That Courage does itself exert,

'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions then I think but idle;
And Love shall still possess the middle.

“ This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low;
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

“ In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

“ Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears —

“ France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree;

When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

" Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love ;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.

" Examples I could cite you more ;
But be contented with these four :
For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in ancient books delight ;
Others prefer what moderns write :
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both."

CANTO II.

" BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the road ?
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle ?
Yet he, consummate master, knew,
When to recede, and where pursue :

His noble negligences teach
What others toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope :
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his slight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright:
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False *mimic* of my master's dance.
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.

“ My preface tells you, I digress'd :
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.”

“ I like,” quoth Dick, “ your *simile*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As masters in the *clare obscure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;
Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd :
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary ;
The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining ;
The out-, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain.

So you great authors have thought fit
To make digression temper wit :
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air :
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *furbelow* the plain discourse."

" Richard," quoth Mat, " these words of thine
Speak something sly, and something fine :
But I shall e'en resume my *theme*,
However thou may'st praise or blame.

" As people marry now, and settle,
Fierce Love abates his usual mettle :
Worldly desires, and household cares,
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs :
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges.
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Bansted-down :
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

" And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure ;
He sighs for freedom, she for power :
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.

Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below ;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick ;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

“ Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears ;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The Mind affects a higher station.

“ Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy ; while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.

‘ And whence,’ said the pacific king,
‘ Does all this noise and discord spring ?’
‘ Why, Paris took Atrides’ wife.’ —
‘ With ease I could compose this strife :
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.

But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man,
With honour, take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.'

" Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

" Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, in dignity, in name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right;

For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket it lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim:
One moment if his beams recede,
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

“Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.

A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

“The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For, long before the squire and dame
Have *tête-à-tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers. —

“ The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets ; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not, with thought, beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield ?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to :
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd ?

“ Objections to my general *system*
May rise, perhaps ; and I have mist them ;
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that !) and distance ;
Can prove, that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion ;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

“ This, Richard, is a curious case :
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale :
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice ;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink ;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light ;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree :
Your sense resolv'd impels your will :
She guides your hand — so drink your fill.

“ Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal banniers sway'd ?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle :
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.

“ Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course ;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set,
(Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*,)

Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn :
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely :
She only is a stander-by.
Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey :
And are but play'd with — do not play.
But space and matter we should blame ;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

“ Thus, to save further contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare :
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought :
Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
How like a country squire you talk !

“ Mark then ; — Where fancy, or desire,
Collects the beams of vital fire ;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.

Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest
On Florimel's experter breast ;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And, by concealing, speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows :
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.

“ Again : that single limb or feature,
(Such is the cogent force of Nature,)
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the amorous breast.

“ O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth :
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web ; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours ; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.

He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise !

“ Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole ;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again ;
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair ;
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his Mind.

“ If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg ;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmiths-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges.
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,

She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between :
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry ;
O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.

“ If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute :
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse :
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

“ Again : if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass !)
For ever more all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet ;

So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers' higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
'Till Death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

" You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers ;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And, lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel.
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

" But we'll descant on general nature :
This is a system, not a satire.

" Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past,
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
" One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands :
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

“ Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.

“ Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands ;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

“ In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats ;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

“ In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair :
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love :
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

“ We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,

And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.

“ At Tonquin, if a prince should die,
(As Jesuits write, who never lie,)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.

“ Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters ;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great :
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler :
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show :
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd with life.

“ Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear :
Before you see, you smell your toast ;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.

The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes :
How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy
There slovens only are not greasy !

“ I mention'd different ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread ;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

“ An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
(Look in his Index for Pagelli,)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land :
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.

The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.

“ Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells :
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men :
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl ;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace. —

“ To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain ?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still,
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way :
Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore :
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.

That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

“ But need we, friend, insist on this ?
Since, in the very Canton Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.”

“ Here,” with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
“ Your proofs come mighty full and thick.”

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued : “ Richard, cast your eye,
By night, upon a winter-sky :
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land :
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spite and Death.”

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep ;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

“ As folks,” quoth Richard, “ prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em :
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire ;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door ;
But, by the flattering glass of Nature
Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport :

“ Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure ;

Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget ;
And, pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert."

Quoth Matthew : " Friend, as far as I
Through Art or Nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought ;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres ;
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduced the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force !
How could our *chymic* friends go on,
To find the *philosophic* stone,

If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing?

“ Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma’s parts.
They find she giddy is, or dull ;
She doubts if things are void, or full :
And who should be presum’d to tell
What she herself should see, or feel ?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o’er.
It can’t — it may be — and it must ;
To which of these must Alma trust ?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can *sylogism* set things right ?
No : *majors* soon with *minors* fight ;
Or, both in friendly consort join’d,
The *consequence* limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended ;
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

“ From the account the loser brings,
The conjuror knows who stole the things.”

“ ‘Squire,” interrupted Dick, “ since when
Were you amongst these cunning men ?”

“ Dear Dick,” quoth Mat, “ let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
I tell thee, this is Alma’s case,
Still asking what some wise man says,

Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that y're ill :
And what does he, but write a bill ?
Of which you need not read one letter :
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

“ *Ideas, forms, and intellects,*
Have furnish'd out three different sects,
Substance, or accident, divides,
All Europe into adverse sides.

“ Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause ;
In *philosophic* matters so
Your judgment must with others go :
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

“ Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies ;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd :
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead ;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.”

“ He then,” quoth Dick, “ who by your
rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool ;

As party man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but *'whimsical'* * at best.

“ Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be listed in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.”
“ Right, Richard,” Mat in triumph cry'd :
“ So put off all mistrust and pride.

And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise :
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much, (whate'er arrives,)
And warmer too, than he that drives.

“ So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

“ When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.

“ Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain !

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum* !
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater* !
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get ;
And, with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store ;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend ! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells :
In each some active fancy dwells ;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry ;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour :
Each— whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected !" [whim !
" My head !" quoth Dick, " to serve your
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
Wise men propose ; but fools assist 'em."

Says Matthew, "Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed."

"Proceed!" quoth Dick: "Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which makes us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,

Effeminate he sat, and quiet :
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way :
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke :
He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice and uncle John.
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But, give him port and potent sack,
From *milk-sop* he starts up *Mohack* ;
Holds that the happy know no hours ;
So through the street at midnight scours,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes ;
Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.

“ Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.

Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk ;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane avoid, retire and faint.

“ Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
To push this argument no further ;
To starve a man, in law is murder.

“ As in a watch’s fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen ;
The added movements, which declare
How full the Moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though those gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduc’d and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain :
But, if the *horal*-orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces ;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e’en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudic’d you scan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head ;
But ’tis the stomach’s solid stroke
That tells his being what’s o’clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure ;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;

Or, lastly, break his *politic-weight*,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on ;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
The jest, alas ! is at an end :
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.

“ Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *system*, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course !
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod :
One fault he had (a fault indeed !)
And what was that? the horse was dead.”

“ Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,”
Quoth Mat, “ to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine* :
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck ;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.”

“ Here hold a blow, good friend,” quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.

“ Fight fair, sir : what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument

Similies are like songs in love :
They much describe ; they nothing prove."

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Tost up his nose, and would have cavill'd ;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.)

" Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave :
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain ;
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;
And, when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny ;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

" That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was :
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.

And he who, reading on the heart,
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him !) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate :
Says he, ' So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.'
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true,
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear ;
As Nature slyly had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit :
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble ;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard ?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black !
In points like these we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can ;

With care our *system* still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.

“ I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute ;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield ; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours’d.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I’ll from the disputant descend,
To show thee, I assume the friend :
I’ll take thy notion for my own —
(So most philosophers have done)

It makes my *system* more complete :

Dick, can it have a nobler fate ?” [friend ;

“ Take what thou wilt,” said Dick, “ dear
But bring thy matters to an end.”

“ I find,” quoth Mat, “ reproof is vain :
Who first offend, will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore ;
Yet still putt’st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes :
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church, (no matter where,
Labour’d and push’d amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
‘ Lord save us ! why do people press !’
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply’d, ‘ Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e’er you can ;

Or cease to push, or to exclaim :
You make the very crowd you blame.'

Says Dick, "Your moral does not need
The least return ; so e'en proceed :
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short :
So far, at least, I thank you for't."

Mat took his thanks ; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

" Now Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung or said :
And here begins this farce of life ;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife :
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more ;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year ;
And eats to day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *surtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air ;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom ?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather ?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *sonata* on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut ?

" When Rarus shows you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,

Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.

“ Poor Vento’s mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

“ What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set !
’Tis found : and, O his happy lot !
’Tis bought, lock’d up, and lies forgot :
Of these no more you hear him speak :
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang’d and show’d, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper lamps, at any rate,

For being true antique, I bought ;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought :
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they’re old, because they’re new.

“ Dick, I have seen you with delight,
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And simple ode too many show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools.” — “ That’s brave, indeed ! ”
Quoth Dick : “ such truths are worth receiving.”
Yet still Dick look’d as not believing.

* Mr. Shelton’s son.

“ Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes ;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature !
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting :
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise ;
I view, with anger and disdain,
How little gives thee joy or pain ;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't :
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain ;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again ;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward Thought :
Happy result of human wit !
That Alma may herself forget.

“ Dick, thus we act ; and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use :
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools :
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wise,

And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one ;
Whilst, as my *system* says, the Mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes ?

“ As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief :
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state ;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that ;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way ;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay :
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

“ O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age :

Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty ;
And should we both, in this condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition,
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play,)
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town ;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted ;
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber ?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main ?

“ Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love ?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy,)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell ?

Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger?
'Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
“Tir'd with these thoughts” — “Less tir'd
than I,”

Quoth Dick, “with your philosophy —
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.
Yet, let the goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne*, or muddled *port*.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye!

“Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion —
Come on, friend, broach the pleasing notion;

But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a groat —

“ For Plato’s fancies what care I ?

I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say :
E’en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be sad is to be wise,

I do most heartily despise

Whatever Socrates has said,

Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

“ Dear Drift *, to set our matters right,

Remove these papers from my sight ;

Burn Mat’s Des-cart, and Aristotle :

Here ! Jonathan, your master’s bottle.”

• Mr. Prior’s secretary and executor.

SOLOMON
ON
THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM,
IN THREE BOOKS.

'Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἰχθυ, πόντος δ' ἔργου πάλαι.
EURIP.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repu-
erascam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.
CIC. *de Senect.*

The bewailing of man's miseries has been elegantly
and copiously set forth by many in the writings
as well of philosophers as divines; and is both a
pleasant and a profitable contemplation.

BACON.

Book I.—*KNOWLEDGE.*

Texts chiefly alluded to in Book I.

“THE words of the Preacher the son of David,
king of Jerusalem.”—ECCLES. chap. i. ver. 1.

“Vanity of vanities, says the Preacher, vanity of
vanities, all is vanity.”—Ver. 2.

“I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo,
I am come to great estate, and have gotten more
wisdom than all they that have been before me
in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great expe-
rience of wisdom and knowledge.”—Ver. 16.

VOL. IV.

I

“ He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall : he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.”— 1 KINGS, chap. iv. ver. 33.

“ I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever : nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it ; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him.”— ECCLES. chap. iii. ver. 14.

“ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time : also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.”— Ver. 11.

“ For in much wisdom is much grief : and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.”— Ch. i. ver. 18.

“ And further, by these, my son, be admonished : of making many books there is no end : and much study is a weariness of the flesh.”— Ch. xii. Ver. 12.

The Argument.

SOLOMON, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom ; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature ; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man ; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable Earth ; proceeds to examine the system of the visible Heaven ; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds ; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels ; and wishes to be more

fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the rabbins and doctors ; blames his own curiosity ; and concludes, that, as to human science, All is vanity.

Y^e sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain ;
That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end :
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares ;
And, at approach of Death, shall only know
The truth, which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking : fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind ;
Oh ! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race ; the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But O ! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this Earth were laid,

It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This sad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound :
" Arise," I commun'd with myself, " arise ;
Think, to be happy ; to be great, be wise :
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know."

I said ; and sent my edict through the land :
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand ;
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read :
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :

" The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon, nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall :
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

" I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade ;
Whilst towering firs in *conic* forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies :

Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head ;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the Sun, why does the caltha fade ?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade ?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain ;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive shade is crown'd ?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue ?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root ;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak ?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace, their morning scents disclose :
The smelling tuberoses and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me), or the flower,
A various instinct, or a different power ? [breath,
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death ?

“ Whence does it happen, that the plant, which
well

We name the Sensitive, should move and feel ?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand ?

“ Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread :

Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil ;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast :
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose [flows.
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment
Take but the humblest lily of the field,
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must, by sure comparison, be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

“ Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire :
How the mute race engender, or respire,
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream,
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays ?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with the inverted year ?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food ;
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood ?

“ Of birds, how each, according to her kind,
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain ?

How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song ?
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood ?
Why every land has her specific brood ?
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows ;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep ;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky ?

“ Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race ;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know ?

“ Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air ?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose ?

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done ?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burthen to the certain hive ;
And through the liquid fields again to pass,
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass ?

“ And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores ; and, bringing home the corny ear,

By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.

“ Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly ;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl ; thy fellow-creatures, abject man ! [see,
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they
They show their passions by their acts, like thee :
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war :
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood ;
Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant ;
To those enormous terrours of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile ;
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame ?

“ For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract ;
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye ;

Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound ; [round.
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows

“ Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
We seek great Nature’s power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat ;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

“ Untam’d and fierce the tiger still remains ;
He tires his life in biting on his chains :
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper’s flesh, and thirsts his blood :
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
Restrain’d and aw’d by man’s inferior force,
Do to the rider’s will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder’s hand,
Pleas’d with his weight, and proud of his command.

“ Again : the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud ;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man :
While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home,

Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutton child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

“ By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they shun, and covet good ;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate ; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend ;
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same ?
Instinct and reason how can we divide ?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

“ With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord,
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law ?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyena, or the foaming bear ?

“ The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the sailor views the land behind.

And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing :
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

“ Consider with me this ethereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask you, how the pensile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall ?
When I reflect how the revolving Sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man ;
If any nation pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring Sun's directer rays ;
If any suffer on the polar coast
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.

“ May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense ?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive ?
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth ?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer sphere ;
While by fix'd laws, and with a just return, [burn ;
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that
And praise the neighbouring Sun, whose constant
flame

Enlightens them with seasons still the same ?
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste ;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six shining months pursue their even way,

And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night?
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year?
May they not scorn our Sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from
noon,

Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another Sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course [force?
With more extended nerves, and more continued
And, when declining day forsakes their sky,
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest:

Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair ;
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease,
(Grateful alternate of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

“ In foreign isles, which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood ;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake ;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest :
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of Earth ?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man ?
Or, grant this progeny was wafted o'er,
By coasting boats, from next adjacent shore ;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they
spring,

Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring ?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the she-adder, and the brooding snake ?
Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile ?

“ And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race ;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,

To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine ;
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God ?

“ How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view ;
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame ?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth :
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air :
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire :
The fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles ; is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore ;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ;
With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

“ Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By beating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall ; the plain, by slow degrees, shall rise

Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill ;
For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

“ Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great :
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air ;
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural ;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought these close meanders trace ;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place :
Are all things miracle, or nothing such ?
And prove we not too little, or too much ?

“ For, that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,
Should, at a word pronounc'd, revive and bud ;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods ?
That each successive night, from opening Heaven,
The food of angels should to man be given ;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed ?
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest
flows.

“ Then, from whate’er we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature’s constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause :
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig’d and forc’d to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity ;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

“ This great Existence, thus by reason found,
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown’d ;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see ?
Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast ?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever’d those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
And cities raised by nations yet unborn !
Ere the progressive course of restless age,
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our power and learning be supprest,
And arts and empire learn to travel west ?

“ Where, by the strength of this idea charm’d,
Lighten’d with glory, and with rapture warm’d,
Ascends my soul ? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas ? An isle, the seat
Of power and plenty ; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known ;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this distinguish’d nation given.

Yet farther west the western Isle extends
Her happy fame ; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a second world.

“ Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame :
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age :
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
Of human things least changeable, least vain.
Yet all must with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, tho' last, must die.

“ Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure sky :
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red ;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were given,
And whence this great variety of Heaven.
Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the sky ;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day ?

“ But we expect the morning-red in vain :
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.

x 3'

Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears :
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your labouring
thought ;

Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave.

“ Lo ! as a giant strong, the lusty Sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run ;
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again, when his descending orb retires,
And Earth perceives the absence of his fires ;
The Moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race ;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd ;
Each knows his course with different periods bound ;
And, in his passage through the liquid space,
Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays ?
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?

Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All servants to that source of light, the Sun?

“ Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill’d,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build,)
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form’d them, infinite.
How mean the order and perfection sought,
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar’d to the great harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the world ordains !

“ Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day !
How small a portion of his power is given
To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven ?
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom’d and fix’d to one eternal sky,
Each, by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
(Itself a sun) and with transmissive light
Enliven worlds deny’d to human sight.
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
And other stars may to those suns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll :
Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,

May each to other (as their different sphere
Makes or their distance or their light appear)
Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
And, in that space which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie,
Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye.

“ In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there ;
Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd
thought.

“ Where then are all the radiant monsters driven,
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd
Heaven ?

Where will their fictious images remain ?
In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

“ This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of truth confess,
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terrour to our searching dazzled sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration, foolish man !
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way ;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destin'd only for his walk and food ;
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,

The craggy rock projects above the sky
That he in safety at its foot may lie ;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell, [shell.
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his

“ A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies ;
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought,
(I offer only what tradition taught,)
Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose ;
Heaven rung with triumph, Hell was fill'd with
woes.

What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell ?
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God ;
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire :
While those, exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys
In those great moments when their God employs
Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state ;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns ;
How can good angels be in Heaven confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind ?

Is God above, beneath, or yon, or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of sight?

“ What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not, therefore, to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form in strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?

“ Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

“ Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,

Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy ?

“ Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found, that nothing by itself was made ;
When thought has rais'd itself, by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with
trees ;

From smoaking mineral, and from rising streams ;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames ;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove ;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aërial or the watery sky ;
From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
That miserable master of the whole ;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light ;
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns :
Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
laws ;

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same ;
To whom a thousand years are but a day ;
Who bade the Light her genial beams display,
And set the Moon, and taught the Sun its way ;
Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course ;

Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyss, the long-continued store, [pour
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more :
This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who like the potter in a mould has cast
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see ;
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole ;
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll ;
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth —
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore ;
Who, sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made ;
And it was so : — and, when he shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more : of this great theme,
'This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
'This God, I would discourse.' —

The learned elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd ;
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame,
(Too plain, alas ! their silence spake their shame)
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
Began : That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach ;
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey ;
For I in knowledge more than power did sway .

And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word ;
Foresaw my name by future age ador'd :
" O live," said he, " thou wisest of the wise ;
As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee." —

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flattery ! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
Echo'd the word : whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know :
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see !

My prophets and my sophists finish'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war :
Not so my rabbins and logicians yield ;
Retiring, still they combat ; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And skulk behind the subterfuge of art.
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the simple, and the plain define ;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We, erring still, excuse for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first thy blushing sire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade,
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd,
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid, [weigh'd.
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.

The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain ;
Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to Wisdom given !
Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure
Heaven :

Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way ;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day ;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam ! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit ;
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life ;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard ?

Book II. — PLEASURE.

Texts chiefly alluded to in Book II.

“ I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth ; therefore enjoy pleasure.” — ECCLES. chap. ii. ver. 1.

“ I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards.” — Ver. 4.

" I made me gardens and orchards ; and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits." — *Ver. 5.*

" I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." — *Ver. 6.*

" Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do : and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit ; and there was no profit under the Sun." — *Ver. 11.*

" I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." — *Ver. 8.*

" I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under Heaven all the days of their life." — *Ver. 3.*

" Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto the fool, so it happeneth even unto me ; and why was I then more wise ? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity." — *Ver. 15.*

" Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me." — *Ver. 17.*

" Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour : so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." — *Ch. x. ver. 1.*

"The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of the wicked shall rot." — PROVERBS, ch. x. ver. 7.

The Argument.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shown the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes, that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight, All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Try then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave :
For weary'd Nature find some apter scheme :
Health be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee ; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease :
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please ;
Essay amusing art, and proud expense,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus : the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride ;
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours ;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers ;

Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd ;
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bade a foreign shade grace Judah's earth ;
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view ;
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,
Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold ;
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the pensile garden,
grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne :
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room ;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex * is no more ;

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof
a purple colour is made.

Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost ;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design with vast expense achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd ;
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering Care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose ;
Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd ;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days ;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways,
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding
maze.

Yet take thy bent, my soul ; another sense
Indulge ; add music to magnificence :
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confest,
That music's force can tame the furious beast ;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage ; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas ! 'less savage yet than these ?
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose ; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony : the lyre

Soften'd the timbrel's noise ; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd) ; the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every strength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay ;
Of opening Heaven they sung and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest :
Yet still in vain ; for music gather'd thought :
But how unequal the effects it brought !
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot ;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye ;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought !) I found
The fickle ear soon glutt'd with the sound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I had the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain ! too low the mimic motions seem ;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank ; I lik'd it not ; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest ;
And as, at dawn of morn, fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done ?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear :
Perhaps, alas ! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault ;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which, once elanc'd, must ever fly
Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate ;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continual force.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage ;
Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught ;

And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?— Love.
Love yet remains : indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast ?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest ?
“ Fly swift, my friends ; my servants, fly ; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd ;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast ;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair ;
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war :
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.”

I said : the feast was serv'd, the bowl was crown'd ;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.
The women came : as custom wills, they past :
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The favourite glance ! O ! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race ; [face ;
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air ;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose ; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love.
“ Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve

Your monarch's bliss," I said; "fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw
nigh,

Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye,
Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin! that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!"

I said: and sudden from the golden throne,
With a submissive step, I hasted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
"O favourite virgin!" yet again I said,
"Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away."

What pangs, alas! what ecstasy of smart,
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest:
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast,
Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,

To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread) ;
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace ;
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord ;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd ;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd ;
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
" What means," said she, " king Solomon the wise ?
" This wretched body trembles at your power :
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

" 'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers ! of angel, man, and brute ;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force ;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow ;
That thou in science as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught ?
Where now, O Judge of Israel ! does it rove ? —
What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love —
Love ! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife ;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life :

And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
His flames and torments only are exprest;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.

“ Soft lovè, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each, delighted and delighting gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

“ By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd.
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease,
Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

“ Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave ; I his receiv'd :
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
'The mutual contract was to Heaven convey'd ;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

“ Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd ;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate :
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair.

“ Now strike,” she said, and open'd bare her
breast ;

“ Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd !”

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
“ Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have Pleasure
sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught ;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heaven ! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath ;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power ?

“ To ravish her ! that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back ! O whither, and to whom ?
To lands where Solomon must never come ?
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms ?

“ Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power :
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more ?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer ?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run
From the fond arms of David's favourite son ?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires ?

“ Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the shrines of Love.
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express ;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow ;

A quiver by his side sustains his store
Of pointed darts ; sad emblems of his power :
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone ; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas ! I saw the beauteous maid :
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly :
Curs'd demon ! O ! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed !
O ! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed !
Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king !"

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget ;
I reason'd much, alas ! but more I lov'd :
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd ;
Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief :
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O, how short my interval of woe !
Our griefs how swift ! our remedies how slow !
Another nymph, (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain,)
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That inade my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence ; Abra went the last ;

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name ;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And, laughing, gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye ;
Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The Sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd, before I sat, to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands) :
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils ; she trembled as she pour'd :
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face ! and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

“ And whence,” said I, “ canst thou have dread
or pain ?

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean ?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?
For sure,” I added, “ sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.”

Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke :
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

“ If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid’s care ;
O ! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look, that awes the nations from the throne !
O ! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king’s frown, and terroure of his eye !

“ Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain ;
And though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
If, weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.

“ O ! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above !
For can I hide it ? I am sick of love ;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call’d what is indeed despair. [controls

“ Thou Sovereign Power ! whose secret will
The inward bent and motion of our souls !
Why hast thou plac’d such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity’d Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd’s heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o’er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter’s frost and summer’s sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar’d the feast ;
And from the cottage, o’er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, toss’d by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov’d dog declare his master near.

On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

“ Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame,
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardour came,)
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power ;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

“ Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams ;
Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair
As silver ; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread ;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet ;

His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I ! where am I ! wretched maid !
Die, Abra, die : too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race ;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to
come."

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid ! and O unhappy tale !
My suffering heart for ever shall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

" As time," I said, " may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err."

This Abra then —

I saw her ; 'twas humanity ; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserv'd ;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.

Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers,
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cakes she kneaded was the savoury meat :
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand ;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill ;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill ;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride ;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd ;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame ;
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
“ For what,” said I, “ from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ?

The damsel's sole ambition is to please :
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease ;
She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind :
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd ? ”

Great Heaven ! how frail thy creature man is
made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way ;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
'To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn ;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat, [treat.
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-

O mighty Love ! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure ?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare ?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ?

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast :

She looks with majesty, and moves with state ;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through Reason's optics right,
Nor find how Beauty's rays elude our sight :
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel power ! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair ;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here generous softness warms the honest breast ;
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ;
And against Love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose ?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd ?
External remedy shall we hope to find, [mind ;
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous
Insulting there does Reason's power deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide ?

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains ; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone ; in her alone
It sought its peace and joy : while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay ;
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away :
Her absence made the night, her presence brought
the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed :
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :
The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes.
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms ;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait

Till Abra comes : she comes ; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose,
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use,)
And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right;
And from the golden quiver at her side
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey :
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame :
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise ; the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills ; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points ; a thousand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle :
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known :
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love ;

Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no! Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phenix 'scapes —
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;

They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of state ;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise ;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their
friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts, ,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counsel !) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race ;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him
to his face.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd ;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd :
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care :
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart ;
Abra possess'd ; she was its better part.
O ! had I now review'd the famous cause,
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,

In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breast had strove ;
While both, deceiv'd, had seen the destin'd child
Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain ;
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin. —
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
The artists grieve ; the labouring people droop :
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfinish'd. —

The wise and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
“ Is this,” the serious said, “ is this the man,
Whose active soul through every science ran ?
Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill ?

Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expressive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching, vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?"

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame.
Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife,
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
"However, friend, here's to the king," one cries:
"To him who *was* the king," the friend replies.
"The king, for Judah's and for Wisdom's curse,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd, [woe.
And added to the thousand he has made."

"Sadly, O Reason! is thy power express'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast!

And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give ;
And more to think be only more to grieve :
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
And, changing sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more
strictly bound !

“ But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign ?
While thou, alas ! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same ;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought ;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade ;
A chain which man to fetter man has made ;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd !

“ Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;
Virtue for once shall be her own reward :
Yes ; rebel Israel ! this unhappy maid
Shall be dismiss'd : the crowd shall be obey'd :
The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ;
I will, alas ! be wretched to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.”

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far, as to expect relief
From my despair alone —
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
How inconsistent majesty and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well,
But never see her more : it bid her feel
No future pain for me ; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd :
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd [world.
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the

“ Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll ?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou
 sustain ?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain ?
How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love ?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms ?

How oft, with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and Love alone?
How oft all night pursued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?"

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove ;
At length they broke their bounds ; at length their
force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows :
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose ;
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous
drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground :
The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways my wishes took,
How they the monarch and the man forsook ;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill ;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives ;
Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient : lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd ;

And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust :
O ! be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd !
O ! be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade !
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief, [grief !
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er
Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay ;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd,
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift Memory trace the cells,
Where springing Wit, or young Invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their sway ;
They ask, I grant ; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride :
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire ;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was Reason flown ?
Where the high majesty of David's throne ?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods ;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food ?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid ;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell ;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd ;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heaven ?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.

I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
"A wise child better than a foolish king."

Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god ;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod :
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain ;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign ;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will :
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

"O Reason ! once again to thee I call ;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her
birth,

Her beams transmitted to the subject Earth :
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If restless Passion, by rebellious sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

“ O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone !”

Oft have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies, perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall,
The odours of the sweets enclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change !) their place
supply.

So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed ;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon ! pursue this thought no more :
Of thy past errors recollect the store ;
And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods asham'd ;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise ;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight ;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,

Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all, and
vain.

Book III. — *POWER.*

Texts chiefly alluded to in Book III.

- ' Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." — ECCLES. chap. xii. ver. 6.
- " The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose." — CH. i. 5.
- " The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuit." — Ver. 6.
- " All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." — Ver. 7.
- " Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." — Ch. xii. 7.
- " Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house." — 2 CHRON. vii. 1.

- “ By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ;
yea, we wept, when we remembered Sion,” &c.—
PSALM CXXXVII. 1.
- “ I said of laughter, it is mad ; and of mirth, what
doth it?” — ECCLES. II. 2.
- “ No man can find out the work that God maketh,
from the beginning to the end.” — CH. III. 11.
- “ Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever ;
nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from
it : and God doeth it, that men should fear before
him.” — VER. 14.
- “ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter ;
fear God, and keep his commandments ; for this
is the whole duty of man.” — CH. XII. 13.

Argument.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power ; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself ; and still concludes that all is vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being ; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts ; has recourse to religion ; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom till the redemption of Israel ; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

Come then, my soul ; I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am :

For, knowing what I am, I know thou art ;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring ?
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Bear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which Nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet ;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of will ;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain ;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail ;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death ?

Or, if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay ;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame ;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war ;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age ;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls ;
Hovers awhile upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains ;

And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies.

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know,)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest,
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade :
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd :
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence :
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be ;
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as she may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease :
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war ;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear :
By his distortions he reveals his pains ;
He by his tears and by his sighs complains ;

Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe ;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears ;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
To malice, which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill ;
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought ;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods ;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?

Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake :
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again ;
Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power.
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn.
Thus through the round of age to childhood we
return ;

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth ; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads ;
The bear, the lion, terrours of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain ;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood ;
The noisome pestilence, that, in open war,
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And scatters death ; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight ;

The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour ;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
The blade ; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain ;
The cruel stone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way ; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life ;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay ; and age,
Herself the sorest ill ; while Death and ease,
Of't and in vain invoc'd or to appease
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command ;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,

When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night ; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain ;
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude : he still must mourn
The Sun and Moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where Age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes ;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves ;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time, the silver cord
Dissever'd lies ; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ;
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place ;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,
And view we man with health and vigour blest,
Home he returns with the declining Sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done ;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son ;

His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase ;
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills ;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd ;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws ;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great ;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-
claim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from the fluttering dance ?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw
From destin'd order and eternal law ?
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat :
Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate ?
Yet such we find they are as can control
The servile actions of our wavering soul :
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will ;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search ! in which the labouring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of release ;
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of misery past,
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burthen down ;
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shows
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea ;
Who, with bless'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the tomb ! [mourn ;
Who breathes, must suffer ; and who thinks, must
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear :
Are not these general maxims too severe ?
Say : cannot power secure its owner's bliss ?
And is not wealth the potent sire of peace ?
Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease ?"

I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

" But is no rank, no station, no degree,
From this contagious taint of sorrow free ?"

None, mortal ! none. Yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire ;
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd :
Yet still must covet life, and be deceiv'd ;

Your very fear of death shall make you try
To catch the shade of immortality ;
Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave ;
To those who may survive you to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of Time and Death ;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly,
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die :
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station, and primeval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name ?

Reduce the song : our hopes, our joys, are vain ;
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain. [bring

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort
The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?
What is a king ?— a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care ;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease ;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease ;
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth ;
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state acknowledging his fears ;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes :
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;

Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :
The captive generals to his car were ty'd ;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph ? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
The spoils and trophies, borne before him, show
National loss, and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey ?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears ?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war !
See millions crowding round the gilded car !
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful power,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
Are the dire images of sad distrust,
And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel ?
Can the loud clarion or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of care ? can Nature's voice,
Plaintive, be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise ;

'Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the ivory
chair?

“ Yon crowd,” he might reflect, “ yon joyful
crowd,

Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting Victory to the vanquish'd go,
Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe,)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate ;
With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass anew to his renown.

“ O impotent desire of worldly sway !
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !
Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas ! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend ?”

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise ?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain ?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where, safe from Time, distinguish'd actions lie ;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain.

Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife ; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein, to his command
Render'd obedient : say, my pensive Muse,
What did these golden promises produce ?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd :
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd ;
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring sweat must flow ;
His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd,
Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
Still viewing, with regret, his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own must grieve ;
Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice ;
His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd ; oft his view
Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger son on the polluted ground,
First-fruit of Death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand : his eldest birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.

Each age sinn'd on, and guilt advanc'd with time :
The son still added to the father's crime ;
Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
“ Lo ! it repenteth me that man was made !

Withdraw thy light, thou Sun ! be dark, ye skies !
And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise !"

The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the Earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
Meantime, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood

The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace ;
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste :
Present, (sad prospect !) can he aught descry
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast ?
While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd ;
When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from
nations drown'd ;
And of three sons, the future hopes of Earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race !

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load ;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain ;

Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife ;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan ;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God ; but how beheld ?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light ;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage ;
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age ;
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save :
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd ;
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.

Forlorn he must and persecuted fly,
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes.
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the
land;

And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his
choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir:
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;

Could follow him, where'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill ;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled :
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell,
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain ;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse ;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt ;
The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone :
Years of contrition must the crime atone ;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,

Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought ;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of Death : for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frightened Reason ! what is death ?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath ;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion, which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost ;
So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;
So life but opens now, and now decays ;
The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shows us what we knew was near.
With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power ;
Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,
To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since Time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul,
Join'd to my body, swell'd the womb ; I was
(At least I think so) nothing : must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ?
Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn ?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he ?
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ?
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain
That life shall never wake that sense again ?
And will no power his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of Death, and chambers of the
Grave ?

Each evening I behold the setting Sun,
With downward speed, into the Ocean run :
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers ;
Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds ;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds ;
They now dilate, and now contract their force ;
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows :

Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same ;
Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly,
A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim,
Our earthly course : but, O my soul ! so fast
Must life run off, and death for ever last ?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd ;
Else whence this hope, and terroure of the mind ?
Does something still, and somewhere, yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain ?
Say : shall our relics second birth receive ?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
The spirit only from the body fled ;
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd ;
The Soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain ?

And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat ?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete ?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to see his better half return ?
But, if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
From the ethereal seat, and blissful Heaven,
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die ?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand :
On either side our thoughts incessant turn ;
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn ;
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
“ Once more,” I said, “ once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind ?
How does she act ? and where is she confin'd ?
Have we the power to guide her as we please ?
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease ?
We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain :
And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hope with certain ill ;

And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free. [mind,

“ That Power superiour then, which rules our
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails;
Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;
And let the silent sanctuary show,
What from the babbling schools we may not know,
How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe.

“ What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.”

I said; — and instant bade the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting, by just return, the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they past:

— The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,

“ Father of Heaven ! ” I said, “ and Judge of Earth !

Whose word call'd out this universe to birth ;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are ;
But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move, (alas !) and live, and are no more :
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

“ Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease !
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts :
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life : let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land !

“ If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting
breath,

Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe !
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire ! dispel
The clouds that press my soul ; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light ; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise,
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state,

Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power ;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore,
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd."

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew :
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
My wond'ring soul ? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel said :

" Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief ;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind ;

Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe ;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb ;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care ;
Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

“ The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind !)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love ;
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd ;
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son ;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandsire knew to reap
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head ;
By arms or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horror and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear ;
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with
kindred-blood.

“ Hence labouring years shall weep their destin’d
race,

Charg’d with ill omens, sully’d with disgrace.

Time, by necessity compell’d, shall go

Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.

The empire, lessen’d in a parted stream,

Shall lose its course —

Indulge thy tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme ;

Judah shall fall, oppress’d by grief and shame,

And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

“ New Egypts yet and second bonds remain,

A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.

Again, obedient to a dire command,

Thy captive sons shall leave the promis’d land.

Their name more low, their servitude more vile,

Shall on Euphrates’ bank renew the grief of Nile.

“ These pointèd spires, that wound the ambient
sky,

(Inglorious change !) shall in destruction lie

Low, levell’d with the dust ; their heights unknown

Or measur’d by their ruin. Yonder throne,

For lasting glory built, design’d the seat

Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,

Remov’d by the invader’s barbarous hand,

Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.

The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load

Of gold, and vessels set apart to God,

Then, by vile hands to common use debas’d,

Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,

With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

“ Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete ;

Empires by various turns shall rise and set ;

While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of woe,
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

“ Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the stream where Babel's waters run ;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet ; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide
Her pensive head ; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
Their long-neglected feasts' despair'd return,
And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears,
And wish their eyes were floods ; by night, from
dreams

Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

“ The captives, as their tyrant shall require [lyre,
That they should breathe the song, and touch the
Shall say : ‘ Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice ?
What can we play,’ (they shall discourse,) ‘ how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king ?

We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
Is but some interval from active woe,
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not Nature claim!
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire?
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.'

" This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's eye,
Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.
The man, who would resolve the work of Fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight:
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will.

“ Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,
Remark what I, God’s messenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem’d, shall cease to mourn,
Shall from her sad captivity return.
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple shall arise,
And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.
The promis’d seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain ;
And, from thy race distinguish’d, one shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power, sent down from heaven,
To succour Earth. To him, To him, ’tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.
Through him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o’er the world redeem’d shall flow ;
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.

“ Now, Solomon ! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth : be strong : with patience and with care
Perform ; and suffer : to thyself severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress’d,
Diffus’d thy virtues ; first of men ! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain !)
Be humble, and be just.” The angel said :—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell’d, or to obey,

Or to object ; at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :

“Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate !
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !
Original of beings ! Power divine !
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine !
Benign Creator ! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect ; let thy command
Restore, Great Father ! thy instructed son ;
And in my act may thy great will be done !”

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD :

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;
Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had
put on, [begun ;
And the hangman completes what the judge but

There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the
post, [no more crost.
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
are known ; [own.
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his
But my hearers cry out, "What a deuce dost thou
ail ?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier !
Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene, [begin:
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

"What frightens you thus, my good son ?" says
the priest:
"You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest."
"O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken."
Derry down, &c.

“ Pough ! pr’ythee ne’er trouble thy head with
such fancies :

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
If the money you promis’d be brought to the chest,
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

“ And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend ; for to-day is your period of sorrow ;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.”

Derry down, &c.

“ To-morrow !” our hero replied, in a fright :
“ He that’s hang’d before noon, ought to think of
to-night.” — [truss’d up,

“ Tell your beads,” quoth the priest, “ and be fair !
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.”

Derry down, &c.

“ Alas !” quoth the squire, “ howe’er sumptu-
ous the treat,
Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat ;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.”

Derry down, &c.

“ That I would,” quoth the father, “ and thank
you to boot ;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast I propos’d to you, I cannot taste ;
For this night, by our order, is mark’d for a fast.”

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
“ Dispatch me, I pr’ythee, this troublesome blade ;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.”
Derry down, &c.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose :
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck’d heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain ;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe’s hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past ;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
" My love, my life," said I, " explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear — what does it mean ?"

She sigh'd ; she smil'd ; and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
" See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made !

" Ah, me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

“ At dawn poor Stella danc’d and sung ;
The amorous youth around her bow’d :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss’d her in her shroud.

“ Such as she is, who died to-day ;
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe’s sorrow.”

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung,)
Could not be kept from Jove’s embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party,
And show’d himself sincere and hearty ;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice’ warrant :
Dauntless as Death, away he walks ;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks ;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
Nor stops till he has culprit’s body.

“ Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver’d down to youth ;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?

Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

"Yout care does further yet extend:
- That spy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?"

"Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face." — "She'll write." —
"From pen and paper she's debarr'd." —
"Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind." — "She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?"

I keep her in one room : I lock it :
The key, (look here,) is in this pocket." —
" The key-hole, is that left ?" — " Most cer-
tain. —

" She'll thrust her letter through, sir Martin."—

" Dear, angry friend, what must be done ?

" Is there no way ?"— " There is but one.

Send her abroad : and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau ;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries :
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told :
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men :
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run ;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms ;
Wait on her to the Park and play ;
Put on good-humour ; make her gay ;
Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind ;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd ;
And clap your padlock — on her mind."

A SONG.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Chloe's absence light ;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours ;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus KERRY*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd :

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now Duchess of Queensberry.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd :

“ Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

“ Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

“ What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

“ Dearest mamma ! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she, •
Or know the reason why.

“ I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall :
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;
She, I was loos'd at all.”

• The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyda.

Pondness prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains :
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow !)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :
His grief some pity, others blame ;
The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs ;
He gave them back their friendly tears ;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest ;
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe :
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
" And will you pardon me," he said,
" While I the cruel truth reveal ?

Which nothing from my breast should tear;
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

“ 'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
You are the cause of all my care ;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair.”

“ Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
And yet I pardon you,” she cried :
“ But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :”
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

AN ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd ;
I sung, and gaz'd ; I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Celia and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea :
The setting Sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost :
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep :
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;
Impending tempests charge the sky ;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight :

And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

“ Once more, at least, look back,” said I,
“ Thyself in that large glass descry :
When thou art in good-humour drest ;
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;
The Sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee :
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of Love :
I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

“ But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

“ Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back ,
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.”

JOHN GAY.

JOH^N GAY, a well-known poet, was born at or near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, in 1688. After an education at the free-school of Barnstaple, he was sent to London, where he was put apprentice to a silk-merc^{er}. A few years of negligent attendance on the duties of such a station procured him a separation by agreement from his master ; and he not long afterwards addicted himself to poetical composition, of which the first-fruits were his " Rural Sports," published in 1711, and dedicated to Pope, then first rising to fame. In the following year, Gay, who possessed much sweetness of disposition, but was indolent and improvident, accepted an offer from the Duchess of Monmouth to reside with her as her secretary. He had leisure enough in this employment to produce in the same year his poem of " Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," which proved one of the most entertaining of its class. It was much admired ; and displayed in a striking manner that talent for the description of external objects which peculiarly characterised the author.

In 1714, he made his appearance from the press on a singular occasion. Pope and Ambrose Philips had a dispute about the respective merits of their pastorals; upon which, Gay, in order to serve the cause of his friend, undertook to compose a set of pastorals, in which the manners of the country should be exhibited in their natural coarseness, with a view of proving, by a sort of caricature, the absurdity of Philips's system. The offer was accepted; and Gay, who entitled his work "The Shepherd's Week," went through the usual topics of a set of pastorals in a parody, which is often extremely humorous. But the effect was in one respect different from his intended purpose; for his pictures of rural life were so extremely natural and amusing, and intermixed with circumstances so beautiful and touching, that his pastorals proved the most popular works of the kind in the language. This performance was dedicated to Lord Bolingbroke; and at this period Gay seems to have obtained a large share of the favour of the Tory party then in power. He was afterwards nominated secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, in his embassy to the court of Hanover; but the death of Queen Anne recalled him from his situation, and he was advised by his friends not to neglect the opportunity afforded him to ingratiate himself with the new family. He accordingly wrote a poetical epistle upon the arrival of the Princess of Wales, which compliment procured him the honour of the attendance of the prince and princess at the exhibition of a new dramatic piece.

Gay had now many friends, as well among per-

sons of rank, as among his brother-poets ; but little was yet done to raise him to a state of independence. A subscription to a collection of his poems, published in 1720, cleared him a thousand pounds ; and some South-sea stock presented to him by secretary Craggs, raised his hopes of fortune at one time to a considerable height ; but the loss of the whole of this stock affected him so deeply as to throw him into a dangerous degree of languor, for his recovery from which he made trial of the air of Hampstead. He then wrote a tragedy called " *The Captives*," which was acted with applause ; and in 1726, he composed the work by which he is best known, his " *Fables*," written professedly for the young Duke of Cumberland, and dedicated to him. In the manner of narration there is considerable ease, together with much lively and natural painting, but they will hardly stand in competition with the French fables of La Fontaine. Gay naturally expected a handsome reward for his trouble ; but upon the accession of George II. nothing better was offered him than the post of gentleman-usher to the young Princess Louisa, which he regarded rather as an indignity than a favour, and accordingly declined.

The time, however, arrived when he had little occasion for the arts of a courtier to acquire a degree of public applause greater than he had hitherto experienced. In 1727, his famous " *Beggar's Opera*" was acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, after having been refused at Drury-lane. To the plan of burlesquing the Italian operas by songs adapted to the most familiar tunes, he added much political satire de-

rived from his former disappointments ; and the result was a composition unique in its kind, of which the success could not with any certainty be foreseen. " It will either (said Congreve) take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." Its fate was for some time in suspense ; at length it struck the nerve of public taste, and received unbounded applause. It ran through sixty-three successive representations in the metropolis, and was performed a proportional number of times at all the provincial theatres. Its songs were all learned by heart, and its actors were raised to the summit of theatric fame. This success, indeed, seems to indicate a coarseness in the national taste which could be delighted with the repetition of popular ballad-tunes, as well as a fondness for the delineation of scenes of vice and vulgarity. Gay himself was charged with the mischiefs he had thus, perhaps unintentionally, occasioned ; and if the *Beggar's Opera* delighted the stage, it encountered more serious censure in graver places than has been bestowed on almost any other dramatic piece. By making a highwayman the hero, he has incurred the odium of rendering the character of a freebooter an object of popular ambition ; and, by furnishing his personages with a plea for their dishonesty drawn from the universal depravity of mankind, he has been accused of sapping the foundations of all social morality. The author wrote a second part of this work, entitled "*Polly*," but the Lord Chamberlain refused to suffer it to be performed ; and though the party in opposition so far encouraged it by their subscriptions that it proved more profitable

to him than even the first part, it was a very feeble performance, and has sunk into total neglect.

Gay, in the latter part of his life, received the kind patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who took him into their house, and condescended to manage his pecuniary concerns. At this time he employed such intervals of health and spirits as he enjoyed, in writing his "Acis and Galatea," an opera called "Achilles," and a "Serenata." His death took place in 1732, at the early age of forty-four, in consequence of an inflammation of the bowels. He was sincerely lamented by his friends; and his memory was honoured by a monument in Westminster Abbey, and an epitaph in a strain of uncommon sensibility by Pope.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

*Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1713. **

— Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus. NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee
throng,

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind:
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:

* This poem received many material corrections from the author, after it was first published.

Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties :
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns ;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and
 plains,

And deck with rural sports her native strains ;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;
While with the mounting Sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws :

But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour ;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows. [gains,

Now when the height of Heaven bright Phœbus
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake :
O lead me, guard me, from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound ;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains ;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes ;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil :
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn :
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :

The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein ;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend,
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward, whistles on the way ;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand ;
No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire :
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day ;
Far in the deep the Sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And, edg'd with flame, rolls every wave below :
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies ;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends ;

Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer ;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds ;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare ;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain ;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds :

Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows ;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line !
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose :
The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss ;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day :

You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride ;
Let Nature guide thee ! sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require ;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with excessive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air : [plays,
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving Moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ;
When, if an insect fall, (his certain guide,)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;

So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hopes hang on a single hair ;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd ;
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away,
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air :
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit,
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away :
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.

Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air :
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race ;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher ; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake ;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insects stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse ;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea ;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand ;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year :
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view !
How does my eye the circling race pursue !
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws ;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground ;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.

What various sport does rural life afford !
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
'The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows ;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes ;
Or, when the Sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground ;
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian Sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ;

Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
In driving mists deface the moisten'd plains ;
Or vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way ;
The scent grows warm ; he stops : he springs the
prey ;

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake ;
Not closest coverts can protect the game :
Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters ; how he wavering flies !
The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :
Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
And lofty numbers point their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain ;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the Sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies :
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds ;

Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake :
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war :
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?
Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !
Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse ! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse ?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill ?

Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;

No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain ;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool :
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love ;
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul !
Farewell ! — The city calls me from your bowers :
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours !

TRIVIA;

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?
VIRG.

BOOK I.

*Of the Implements for Walking the Streets, and Signs
of the Weather.*

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown :
But more my country's love demands my lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries :
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :
Let firm, well hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
By various names * in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone ;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce ;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease ;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's†, assemblies, or the play ;
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane :
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.

* A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

† A chocolate house in St. James's street.

Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street !
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings !

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme ;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend ;
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town !
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd ;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown ;
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd :
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,

Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair,
With narrow step, affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;
'The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides ;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men ! these useful lays
The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain ;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere Winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire ;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise
 Of milder weather and serener skies.
 The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change ;
 Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught*,
 Endued by instinct, or by reason taught :
 The seasons operate on every breast ;
 'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly crowd ; then ne'er refuse
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
 The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care,
 Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,
 To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue ;
 On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd,
 Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side ;
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air,
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds
 And sweats with sacred grief ; you'll hear the
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds ;

* *Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis,
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.*

VIRG. Georg. 1.

Ungrateful odours common shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dew,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel :
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year ;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain ;
But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze ; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street ;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons ; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scour,
Thy wig, alas ! uncurl'd, admits the shower.

So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of Hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad.
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,

Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs ;
And, when the plains with evening dew are spread,
The milky burthen smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes :

He saw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah, Mulciber ! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse ;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms ?

The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love :
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found ;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm :
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays ;
What woman can resist the force of praise ?

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood ;
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dew.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.

Yet Winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

Thus Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintery ways.
Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit : though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

Book II.

Of walking the Streets by Day.

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintery ways ;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies :
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the streets molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear ;

On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace ?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons ;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid : oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress ;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care :
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng ;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat ;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,

Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul
stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid :

The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;

Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage

Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :

And when the porter bends beneath his load,

And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.

But, above all, the groping blind direct ;

And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,

Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head ;

At every step he dreads the wall to lose,

And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes ;

Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,

Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.

But, when the bully, with assuming pace,

Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd
lace,

Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,

And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side ;

He never turns again, nor dares oppose,

But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown,

Let the sworn porter point thee through the town ;

Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,

Like faithful landmarks, to the walking train.

Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,

Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray ;

Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,

He ne'er deceives — but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An enrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete ;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide :
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet be-
smear,
The voice of Industry is always near.
Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.

Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race. [change)

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd :
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men ;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina * (goddess of the tide,
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide,)
Indulg'd the modish flame ; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd ;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace :
She gaz'd ; she sigh'd ; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder) : swift the goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius
(a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer ;
and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it
Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and
paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc.
Fel. Oct. p. 232.

With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast ;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame ;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move :
O may no link-boy interrupt their love !

When the pale Moon had nine times fill'd her
space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to Earth ; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd ;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy. [prov'd,
The child, through various risks in years im-
At first, a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the
heart.

Oh, happy unown'd youths ! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air ;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain !

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress.
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his handsome beneficial art
Practis'd in streets : the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd ;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe,
With nimble skill, the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor :
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar

Diana forms his brush ; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale ; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes ;
Then, leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep :
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face !
At length he sighing cry'd, " That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own :
But I, alas ! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ; [bear,
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,

See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side ;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd ;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now, beckoning to the boy, she thus begun :
" Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand ;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil.
On this, methinks, I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound."
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud :
The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-Cross divide ;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes — " Clean your honour's
shoes !"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way ;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjurd head is bow'd,

Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain : some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels and bar the narrow
street ;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men ! your cruel breasts assuage ;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage ?
Does not his service earn your daily bread ?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives ;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range ;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near ?
Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls ? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil ; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea ;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil ;

* Thames-street.

Thy breathing nostril hold : but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian * cheeses lie ;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise ?

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall !
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell !
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach ;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride :
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot ; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes, [stray,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground ; there pensive
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares ;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane ;

* Cheshire, anciently so called.

Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown ;
Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse, nor try the thimble's cheats * ;
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind :
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower ?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart ?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye ;

* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with
three thimbles and a little ball.

And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the Winter's air ?
Nor will I roam where Summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the
ways ;

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines ; whose nitory wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind ;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads ;
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheels the passing coaches roll ;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless path the matron's tread ?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn ?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands ;
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose ;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows ;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,
These sports warm harmless ; why then will ye
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love ?

Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands ;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square :
Here oft my course I bend ; when, lo ! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war :
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run ? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the penthouse sound.

O, roving Muse ! recall that wondrous year,
When Winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar ;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own ;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide ;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire ;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate :
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers ;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise ;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. [roads ;
Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit : she now a basket bore ;
That head, alas ! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll ! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death !
The cracking crystal yields ; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ;
Pippins she cry'd ; but death her voice confounds ;
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice resounds.

So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd ;
Euridice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Euridice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds ;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous
waves ;

From every penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull.
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in Autumn stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain:
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity ! thy blessings shed ;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head ;
Bid shivering limbs be warm ; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul !
See, see ! the heaven-born maid her blessing shed ;
Lo, meagre Want uprears her sickly head ;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry ;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;

Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of Death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath ;
As vultures o'er the camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare ?

Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend ;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls ;
Through the long Strand together let us stray ;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd ;
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains ;
Beauty within, without proportion, reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives ;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein ;
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes,)
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse.

O ye associate walkers ! O my friends !
Upon your state what happiness attends !
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles ;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide ;
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet :
Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail ;
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
 shower,
In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near ;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer :
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage ;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow ;

Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the Sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills :
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's
fame,

From hence he learns the cheapest taylor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards ?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?
Seek Leaden-hall ; St. James's sends thee veal ;
Thames-street gives cheeses ; Covent-garden fruits ;
Moorfields old books ; and Monmouth-street old
suits.

Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye ; [groan,
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown :
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the Spring,
Walkers at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil ;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage :
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep ;

Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold ;
And Squirts * read Garth, till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot ! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye !
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six ?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps ;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps ;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves ;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind !
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate !
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout !

* An apothecary's boy, in The Dispensary.

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, goddess ! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads ;
Celestial queen ! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !

When Night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest enwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street ; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows * falling threat thy head ;
Now labourers home return and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length ;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines,¹ combs dangle in thy face ;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;

* A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street.

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness ; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart ; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.

Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war ;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound :
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they
try,

And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight ;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with
blood,

Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So, when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire ;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng :
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn ;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue " stop thief !" resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care ;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy !
Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout :
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain :
Guard well thy pocket ; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand ;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short ; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I, (perhaps too fond,) if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back ; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of
slain.

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er :
Euryalus, alas ! is now no more.

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post ;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side ;
Then shalt thou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous
night,

Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,

Grievous to heedless shine ; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall ;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire ;
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step ; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone :
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall
wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
In the mid way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta ! law-defended town !
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown ;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast ;

Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land ;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side :
The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame ?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread ;
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are cross,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost :
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll ;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride ;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road ; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain ; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.

Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands ;
There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam, where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste :
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not Luxury taste ? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare !
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food !
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood !
Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall ; [throng
For, should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing
Will with impetuous fury drive along ;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.

Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown ;

(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son !)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died !
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,

Thy cursed incest ! and thy children slain !
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns, with outward grief, a parent's fate ;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb :
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd ?
No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain ;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life ! how frail is human trust !
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust ?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall :
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street ?

Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
“ My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear ! ”
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinner hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change ;
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek ; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd ; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd :
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys, to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the street he reels from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies ;
Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapless swain ! unus'd to pains and ills !
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills ?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands !
Or else (ye gods, avert that worst disgrace !)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face !

Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright ;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power ; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scouring crew ;
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear ;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee. [word,
Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep ;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker * flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame ?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name ?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds ?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run ;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence ; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side ;
So Regulus, to save his country, dy'd.

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows
with halfpence.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows ;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common shores descend,
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne ;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach, o'erthrown,
Sinks with the snorting steeds ; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne ;
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. [steed ?

Who then through night would hire the harness'd
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed ?

But hark ! Distress, with screaming voice, draws
nigher,

And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And, borne by winds, the scattering sparks arise ;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads ;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads ;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
swarms,

The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms ;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends ;

See, forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams ;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls ;
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors ;
The Heavens are all a-blaze, the face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.
'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome !
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the Sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
Hark ! the drum thunders ! far, ye crowds, retire :
Behold ! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train,
With running blaze, awakes the barrel'd grain ;
Flames sudden wrap the walls ; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake ;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils, of the wintery town ;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar ;

Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
'Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
'The barbarous Arabs' haunt; or shivering coast
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence, in length of years, restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W— and G—, mighty names!* are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy handboxes repair;
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to Fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

**SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.**

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
" Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

* Probably Ward and Gildon. N.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“ If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard :
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
" Adieu !" she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind ;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

" Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?

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Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

“ The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

“ How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.”

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd ;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

FABLE.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
 Descend among the crowd like fashions.
 Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit
 (The manners of the fair and great)
 I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
 I say that these are proud : what then !
 I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
 Affected singularity :
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
 And then with fond attention stood,
 Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

" I hate my frowzy beard," he cries,
 " My youth is lost in this disguise.
 Did not the females know my vigour,
 Well might they loath this reverend figure."

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by, profess'd the dapper art :
 His pole with pewter-basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung,
 Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
 Lin'd with red rags to look like blood,
 Did well his threefold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair :
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides :
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

" I hope your custom, sir," says Pug.
" Sure never face was half so smug !"

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
" Heigh-day ! what's here ? without a beard !
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
" Are beards by civil nations worn ?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load ?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?

" Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. " Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock ? Affected fool !"

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
 With every vice his youth had cool'd ;
 Disease his tainted blood assails ;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails :
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
 And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
 A ghastly Phantom, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began :

“ My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear ;
 Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
 Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
 When health is lost. Be timely wise :
 With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
 The wary counsel wak'd his fears.
 He now from all excess abstains,
 With physic purifies his veins ;
 And, to procure a sober life,
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends,
 Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
 Insinuates that beauty 's frail,
 That perseverance must prevail,
 With jealousies his brain inflames,
 And whispers all her lovers' names.
 In other hours she represents
 His household charge, his annual rents,

Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more ;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew ;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest ?
Power may, perhaps, protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night ;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great ;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air ;
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours ;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers ;
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there ;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the Ghost address :
" Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more ;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
 She sought his booth, and from the crowd
 Defy'd the man of art aloud.

" Is this then he so fam'd for sleight ?
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?
 Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
 I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, " 'Tis done ;
 In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd ;
 By turns this here, that there, conveyed.
 The cards, obedient to his words,
 Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain :
 Trick after trick deludes the train.
 He shakes his bag, he shows all fair ;
 His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
 Then bids it rain with showers of gold ;
 And now his ivory eggs are told ;
 But, when from thence the hen he draws,
 Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
 With all the forms of his grimace.

" This magic looking-glass," she cries,
" (There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

" Next, to a senator addressing,
" See this bank-note ; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fleri ;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
" Blow here ;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knock
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.
" This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her." With surpri
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his illa.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.

" Can I such matchless sleight withstand !
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain ;
Her care was never to offend ;
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view !

" Let me," says she, " your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight :
To friendship every burthen's light."

The Horse reply'd, " Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus :
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord :
" Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye :
“ My back,” says he, “ may do you harm ;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.”

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

“ Shall I,” says he, “ of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence
Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For, see, the Hounds are just in view.”

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN SIX PASTORALS.

1714.

With the Author's Notes.

— Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas. — VIRG.

PROLOGUE, TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo, I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our *clerk* came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen*;
“That *queen*,” he said, “to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas! — and lay in state.”

At this, in tears was Cicely seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnners clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that Death
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and, sighing, swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said, had wrought this blessed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept ;
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still ;
For who could rest when she was ill ?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep !
Sheer, swains, oh ! sheer your softest sheep,
To swell his couch ; for, well I ween,
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the queen.

Quoth I, " Please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see."
I sold my sheep, and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue ;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around ;
For Lightfoot, and my scrip, I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread ;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row,
Before their queen in seemly show.

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
 Like Goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
 Nor Clumsilia, nor Marian bright,
 Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
 But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May,
 And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
 And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds
 The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
 And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare;
 And Montague beyond compare:
 Such ladies fair would I depaint,
 In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen,
 In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
 As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
 Like Moses, in our Bibles fair;
 Who for our traffic forms designs,
 And gives to Britain Indian mines.
 Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;
 Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare;
 Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
 And bid broad-cloths and serges grow;
 For trading free shall thrive again,
 Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
 Full steadfast both to church and queen;
 With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
 St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,
 "Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay;
 And, certes, mirth it were to see
 Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ye-bound."
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bouzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain ;
Or, for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon emperor's packets be delay'd ;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'll burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY; OR, THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes ;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the same as *welken*, an old Saxon word, signifying *a cloud* ; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element*, or *sky*, as may appear by this verse in the *Dream of Chaucer* —

Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.

— *Sheen*, or *shine*, an old word for *shining*, or *bright*.

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear :
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear ?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout ! I ween, my plight is guest,
For *he that leaves, a stranger is to rest* :
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree :
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind ! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf ;
Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise. 20
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain !
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, used in the ancient British authors for *scarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of England, for *early in the morning*.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think*, or *conceive*.

He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soár high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows ;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet :
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

Ver. 25. *Erst* ; a contraction of *ere this* ; it signifies *sometime ago*, or *formerly*.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd. 50
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deffest feats around ;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near ;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know ; 60
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow. .
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire !

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday ;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, signifying *brisk*, or *nimble*.

Ver. 69. *Eftsoons*, from *eft*, an ancient British word, signifying *soon*. So that *eftsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon* ; which is, as it were, to say *twice soon*, or *very soon*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
 I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
 Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
 I queintly stole a kiss, at first, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
 Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
 Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;
 Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
 Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*. "As clerkes being full subtle and queint," (by which he means *arch*, or *waggish*); and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

*Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
 Formosa myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phæbo,
 Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit
 Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi, &c.*
 VIRG.

While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind,
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung,
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

Ver. 103—110. were not in the early editions. N.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.
 High leap'd the plank ; adown Buxoma fell ;
 I spy'd — but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
 " What flower is that which bears the *virgin*'s name,
 " The richest metal joined with the same ?"

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
 I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
 " What flower is that which royal honour craves,
 " Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis strown on graves ?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains !
 An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
 But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
 And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
 Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
 They're weary of your songs — and so am I.

Ver. 113. Marygold.

Ver. 117. Rosemary.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum

Nascantur flores.

VIRG.

Ver. 120. Et vitula tu dignus & hic.

VIRG.

TUESDAY, OR, THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed ;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew ;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain ; 10
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
On lessen with her sieve the barley-mow ;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd ;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese, prepares,
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And " Love " say swains, " all busy heed destroys. "
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart ;
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart, 20
Cicely, the western lass, that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song :

Ver. 21. *Kee*, a west-country word for *kine*, or cows.

“ Ah, woeful day ! ah, woeful noon and morn !
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn ;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30

“ Ah, Colin ! canst thou leave thy sweetheart
true ?

What I have done for thee, will Cicely do ?
Will she thy linen wash, or bosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn ?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat ?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside ?

“ Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features, that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

“ Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To toil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care ;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days, when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;

Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail :
In harvest, when the Sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply ; 60
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake :
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green ;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf*,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf ; 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less !

“ Last Friday's eve, when as the Sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook :
They said, that many crosses I must prove ;
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock ; 80
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas ! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies ; bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

“ Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,

When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

"Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake;
Could'st thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:

'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.' 100
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For *knives*, they tell me, *always sever love*."

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimful,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a goat.

WEDNESDAY; OR, THE DUMPS.*

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chants so sweet a note.

* *Dumps*, or *dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *sullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes*,

No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
 Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the Sun,
 Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;

after the same manner, is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king, that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heaviness of spirits*, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
 Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces,
 Et mutata suos requiêrunt flumina cursus.

VIRG.

Ver. 9.

Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
 Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris — VIRG.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his song on the *Newmarket horse-race*, and several others that are sung by the *British swains*.

Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forgot the goad, 20
The clown, fatigued, trudg'd homeward with his
spade,

Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade ;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise :

" Come Night, as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled ;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on. 30
Sure if he'd eyes, (*but Love, they say, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day ! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

" Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare ?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame*, or *renown*.

Ver. 18. — Hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver. 25.

VIRG.

Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ. VIRG.

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, signifying *hurt*, or
harmed.

Ver. 37.

Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes ?

VIRG.

Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne! 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
 No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 ‘ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.’

“ I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make: 50
 Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
 While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
 Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
 And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose, 61
 And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;

Ver. 49.

Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi.

Ver. 53.

VIRG.

Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinis nigra leguntur.

Ver. 59.

VIRG.

Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.

VIRG.

For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
' 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

" Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play ; 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove ;
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
' 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

" Ah ! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the squire in yonder wood !
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame ;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace ;
But I nor footmen priz'd, nor golden fee ;
For what is lace or gold, compar'd to thee ?

" My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
' 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

Ver. 67.

Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces —
Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Vira.

“ Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun ;
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
 Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
 Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
 The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do ?
 The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 ‘ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.’

“ Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that
 flow ;

A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100
 This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
 What ! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd ?
 No — To some tree this carcass I'll suspend.
 But worrying curs find such untimely end !

Ver. 89. *To ken*. Scire. Chaucer, *to ken*, and *kende* ; notus A. S. *cunnam*. Goth. *kunnam*. Germanis *kennen*. Danis *kiende*. Islandis *kunna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken*, for *prospicere*, is well known, and used to discover by the eye. Ray, F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.
 Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille ?
 Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

VIRG.

Ver. 99. — vivite sylvæ :
 Præceps ærii speculâ de montis in undas
 Deferar.

VIRG.

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool;
 That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
 Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
 There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
 And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

"Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."

The Sun was set; the night came on apace,
 And falling dews bewet around the place;
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings;
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
 And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

THURSDAY, OR, THE SPELI.

HOENELIA.

HOENELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
 In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
 Her piteous tale the winds in sighs be moan,
 And pining echo answers groan for groan.

"I rue the day, a rueful day, I trow,
 The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
 When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
 A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;

Ver. 8. *Dight*, or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which signifies to set in order.

The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear ;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.’

“ When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast ;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
Then doff’d my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy’d this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin’s in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

“ At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought ;
I scatter’d round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry’d, 30
‘ This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.’
I straight look’d back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

Ver. 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words
do off and *do on*.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.’

“ Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find ;
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the Sun had chas'd the stars away ; 40
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do) ;
Thee first I spy'd ; and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take ;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

“ Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal. 50
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail ; and, if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove !
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.’ 60

“ Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name ;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow ;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.’ 68

“ As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three.
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid ;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew ;
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come in,
But, in his proper person — Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see ;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight :
So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.’

Ver. 64. — ἰγὰρ δ' ἐπὶ Λίλφιδι δάφναν
Αἰθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίμ, μίγα καπνυρίσασα.

Ver. 66. THEOC.
Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide. VIRG.

" This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
' Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.'
He leaves my hand ; see, to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90

" I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read ;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

" This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take ; 100
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn ;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound ;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last ;
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

Ver. 93. Transque caput jace ; ne respexeris.

VINC.

“ As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
 I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee. 110
 He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
 Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
 Together fast I tye the garters twain ;
 And while I knit the knot repeat this strain :
 ‘ Three times a true-love’s knot I tye secure,
 Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure !’

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.’

“ As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
 To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay, 120
 I made my market long before 'twas night,
 My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
 Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
 And in love-powder all my money spent.
 Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
 When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
 These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

Ver. 109.

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores :
 Necte, Amarylli, modo ; et Veneris dic vincula
 necto. VIRG.

Ver. 123.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
 Ipse dedit Mæris. VIRG.

Ver. 127. — Περὶ κακὸν αὔριον οἶσ᾽. THEOC.

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.' 130

" But hold ! — our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his
ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes ! he comes ! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown :
Oh dear ! I fall adown, adown, adown !"

FRIDAY, OR, THE DIRGE.*

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem ?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year ;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.

Ver. 131.

Nescio quid certe est ; et Hylax in limine latrat.

VIRG.

* *Dirge*, or *dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation, over the dead ; not a contraction of the Latin *dirige* in the popish hymn, *dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend ; but from the Teutonic *dyrke*, *laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *dyrke*, and our *dirge*, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

COWELL'S *Interpreter*.

Yet ev'n this season pleassance blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple boards.
 Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
 Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy soul." 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
 And with trim sonnets "cast away our care."
 "Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play:
 Thou sing'st most sweet, "O'er hills and far away."
 Of "Patient Grissel" I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring. 20
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For, woe is me! — our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.

Ver. 15.

Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 Aut Alcon's habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. VING.

Ver. 27. *Glee*, joy; from the Dutch *glooren*, to
recreue.

As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread ;
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud — when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as Autumn shall return,
The drooping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn ;
The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in Autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew,
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd ;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown ; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay ;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way — or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy ;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60

Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream :
 But now, alas ! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door ;
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
 Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly ; 70
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,
 Waiting upon her charitable hand.
 No succour meet the poultry now can find,
 For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
 I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now !)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80
 Ah, Blouzelind ! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show ;
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow ;
 Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers, appear,
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear ;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread ;
 For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead !

Ver. 84.

Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
 Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis. VIRG.

Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone: 90
 " Here Blouzelinda lies — Alas, alas !
 Weep shepherds — and remember flesh is grass."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear ;
 Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth ;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell ; 100
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd !
 The boding raven on her cottage sate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate ;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead ;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

Ver. 90.

Et tumultum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

Ver. 93.

VIRG.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo
 Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim,
 Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.*

VIRG.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

c c 3

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother sate ! 110
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke :

“ Mother,” quoth she, “ let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed :
Be these my sister's care — and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn ;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die — see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid ;
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours — my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake ;
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's — this silver ring beside :
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent.” 130
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd ;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprig'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text, 139
That none could tell whose turn would be the next ;

He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no
doubt,

And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quite out.

To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.

With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground ;
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the by,
" Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow ;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire ;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise ;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain. 160
They seized the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid ;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

Ver. 153

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque mane-
bunt. VIRG.

*SATURDAY, OR, THE FLIGHTS.***BOWZYBEUS.**

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse! prepare ;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care ;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays ;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil ;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about ; 10
The lads, with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd ;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill ;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd. 20
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside ;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string ;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed ;

Ver. 22.

Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. VIRG.

That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung :
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

" Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long ?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous
 strong !

Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night ;
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light."

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout :
 (For custom says, " Whoe'er this venture proves,
 For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")

By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke [spoke :
 The sneering swains with stammering speech be-
 " To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
 As for the maids — I've something else in store."

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;

Ver. 40.

Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. VIRG.

Ver. 43.

*Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite ! carmina vobis ;
 Huic aliud mercedis erit.* VIRG.

Ver. 47.

*Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes :
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.*
 VIRG.

Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear. 50

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the Sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below :
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow ;
How Will-o-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60
He sung where woodcocks in the Summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed, [tend,
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they
Or to the Moon in midnight hours ascend) ;
Where swallows in the Winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep ;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright Sun has nine times set and rose ;
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.) 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser,
from whence he might have collected these philoso-
phical observations :

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
 Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
 Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crowded in his song.
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 And on the rope the venturous maiden swings ;
 Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
 Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various chests. 90

Then sad he sung the Children in the Wood :
 (Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood !)
 How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering falchion smil'd ;
 Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 (Ah, gentle birds ! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For Buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
 When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn !

Ver. 97.

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

Ver. 99. A song in the comedy of Love for Love,
 beginning " A soldier and a sailor," &c.

Ah, Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the 'squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chants, 109
 How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
 Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
 Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
 Why should I tell of Bateman, or of Shore,
 Or Wantley's Dragon, slain by valiant Moor,
 The Bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
 And how the grass now grows where Troy town
 stood? 120

His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
 Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
 The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
 Till ruddy, like his face, the Sun descends.

Ver. 109. A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.

Ver. 112.

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
 Pasiphaen. VIRG.

Ver. 117. Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. VIRG.

Ver. 117—120. Old English ballads.

FABLE.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?"

"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)

Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.

“ Draw near, my birds ! the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies ;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place !
Fear not ; like me, with freedom eat ;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife ,
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine ;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board,
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.”

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech :
“ Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within ;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.”

MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN, a truly original poet, was born, probably at London, in 1696. His parents were respectable Dissenters, who brought him up within the limits of the sect. His learning was confined to a little Latin ; but, from the frequency of his classical allusions, it may be concluded that what he read when young, he did not forget. The austerity in which he was educated had the effect of inspiring him with settled disgust; and he fled from the gloom of dissenting worship when he was no longer compelled to attend it. Thus set loose from the opinions of his youth, he speculated very freely on religious topics, and at length adopted the system of outward compliance with established forms and inward laxity of belief. He seems at one time to have been much inclined to the principles of Quakerism ; but he found that its practice would not agree with one who lived “ by pulling off the hat.” We find that he had obtained a place in the Custom-house, the duties of which he is said to have discharged with great diligence and fidelity. It is further attested, that he was a man of great

probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most in-offensive kind. He seems to have been subject to low-spirits, as a relief from which he composed his principal poem, "The Spleen." He passed his life in celibacy, and died in 1737, at the early age of forty-one, in lodgings in Gracechurch-street.

The poems of Green, which were not made public till after his death, consist of "The Spleen;" "The Grotto;" "Verses on Barclay's Apology;" "The Seeker," and some smaller pieces, all comprised in a small volume. In manner and subject they are some of the most original in our language. They rank among the easy and familiar, but are replete with uncommon thoughts, new and striking images, and those associations of remote ideas by some unexpected similitudes, in which wit principally consists. Few poems will bear more repeated perusals; and, with those who can fully enter into them, they do not fail to become favourites.

THE SPLEEN. *

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
 Who always were a faithful friend ;
 Who, if disputes should happen hence,
 Can best explain the author's sense ;
 And, anxious for the public weal,
 Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
 Allowing for a vapour'd Muse :
 Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
 Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
 Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
 Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, though mean,
 Draws from the spring she finds within ;
 Nor vainly buys what Gildon † sells,
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the ancient treasures lie,
 And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth in Greek exchequers left.

* " In this poem," Mr. Melmoth says, " there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines."

FITZOSBORNE'S *Letters*, p. 114.

† Gildon's *Art of Poetry*.

Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won* :
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief ;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects : of theft beware ;
 From More † so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the spleen ;
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse ;
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare, Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease ;
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
 With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
 And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs ;

* A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
 HOWARD'S *British Princes*.

† James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii.
 l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of
 the transaction here alluded to are very fully
 explained.

Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more ;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor ;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore ;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute —
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good,
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood :
But after no field-honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with bound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the Morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,

And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view ;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curst with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence ;
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,

Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointer'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise :
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.

When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief.
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather :
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums ;

Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it Heav'n to be serene ;
Pain, Hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lay
Perfume, and get by giving praise.

With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing ;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies !
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least !

Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;
Of every folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of Nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown :
Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)

Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away :
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease :
A gypsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verd'ers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet, if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.

No compter-writs me agitate ;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,

Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloke,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place ;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But to avoid religious jars,
The law's are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan.
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;
To mend the world 's a vast design :
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend :
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We 're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers :
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our sires have nobly fought :

While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The Press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air ;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense ;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs ;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.

Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation *,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the house of commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park ;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news ;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit :
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
I bless'd my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.

Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muse's revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain ;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.

Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholst'ers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiarist's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho * taught his birds to sing ;

* Psapho was a Lybian, who desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means : he took

Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit :
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaus imposes laws,
 A judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends :
 Their natures merciful and mild
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;
 In bulrush ark the bantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.
 But there's a youth † that you can name,
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
 Whose quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain :
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,
 I heard Melpomene debate,
 " This, this is he, that was foretold
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings, and rules the varied heart ;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse ;

young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great god. When they were perfect in their lesson he let them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

† Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Boadicea*, *Medea*, &c.

If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage ;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow."

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease !
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye :
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely-envy'd scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
And midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sunshine in the face,

And pleasure fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find ;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose ;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly .
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;

Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man, not quite a clown ;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece,
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n (it 's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurys, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds ;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,

From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid :
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind.
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green ;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;

Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep ;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,

Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems ;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light ;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence ?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of Fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain.
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul ;

Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens ! divinely great ! ——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw :
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit ?
Where can, what has no outline, sit ?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with Wisdom's syrens caught,
On quicksands swell'wing shipwreck'd thought ;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.

Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know ;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 't is to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid ;

And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make, (may Heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS. *

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd ;

* This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these is shown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign :
To scripture plainness dress is brought,
And speech, apparel to the thought.
They hiss from instinct at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and press the law of love :
Breathing the spirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they detest,
As manufactur'd by the priest ;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For stuff, which never mends the way ;
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
And frank the gospel for our use.
They sable standing armies break ;
But the militia useful make :
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by these rules as well as they ;
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
The world can't hear the small still voice,
Such is its bustle and its noise ;
Reason the proclamation reads,
But not one riot passion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
Which here below our homage share :

They, if one votary they find
To mistress more divine inclin'd,
In truth's pursuit, to cause delay,
Throw golden apples in his way,

Place me, O Heav'n, in some retreat;
There let the serious death-watch beat,
There let me self in silence shun,
To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When fast the senses' doors are shut;
For so divine and pure a guest
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation ! air serene !
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen !
Pure mount of thought ! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets exulting, virgin Truth ;
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind ;
Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine, that kindles grace ;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
'Till darkness be by dying past.
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me ! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind.
And raise despair ; my lamp can last,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence ! big empty sound !
Like showers that rush upon the ground !
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along, and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade forgive !
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That from dependence life exempt ;
And constitution fram'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat ;
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power ;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.
" Consider well your state," she cries,
" Like others kneel, that you may rise ;
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd ;
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.

See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use.
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture how they please.

“ The honour'd prophet that of old,
Us'd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.”

THE SEEKER.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about,
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity bachelor, try'd
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems, which they recom-
mended.

Said a lech'rous old fri'r skulking near Lincoln's-
inn,
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to
sin ;

Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;)

" Ah ! pity your soul ; for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :
Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for sal-
vation."

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of
grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)
" Ah ! pity your soul : come, be of our sect :
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves
saints,
Being Christ's little flock every where spoke
against."

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal-law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
" If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver :
That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe
is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*."

Said a yea and nay friend, with a stiff hat and
band,
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his
hand,)
" Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all dis-
agree ;
Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay."

THE GROTTTO,*

WRITTEN BY MR. GREEN, UNDER THE NAME OF
PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

Printed in the Year 1732, but not published.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
HOM.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg :
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

AMEU awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.
Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much-sung Grotto of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,

* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written many other verses appeared on the same subject.

And Wolsey's pride * (his greatest guilt)
And what great William since has built ;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens†)
From Sion-house ‡, whose proud survey
Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
And view, from highest swell of tide,
The milder scenes of Surrey side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore ;
Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice ;
Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love.
(O, might our laureat study here,
How would he hail his new-born year !)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy,
Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
As Superstition would pull down ;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go :
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the Virtues gather round,
To see her consecrate the ground.

* Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey,
and improved by King William III.

† Queen Anne, consort to King Richard II. and
Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

‡ Sion House is now a seat belonging to the
Duke of Northumberland.

If thou, the god with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below ;
 Tell those proud lords of Heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit ;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With Earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd
 To praise whatever Boyle * shall build ;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame ;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone†,
 For Virtue as for learning known ;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light :
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach :

* Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. "Never were protection and great wealth more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December 4. 1753.

† The author should have said five ; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise ;
Or maladies, begun within,
Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;
From maggot-youth through change of state,
They feel like us the turns of fate ;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;
And some that did their six wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep ;
They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less :
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;
Some toil incessant on the wing,
And in their different ways explore
Wise sense of want by future store ;
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
Till death, and then are never miss'd.
Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace,
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to successors, and away.

Let not prophane this sacred place,
Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;
Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care ;
Court Kindness, Falsehood's polish'd ware ;
Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale ;
Or art politic, which allows
The jesuit-remedy for vows ;
Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead ;

Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine ;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen ;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe and knaves apply ;
Or frolic Mirth, prophanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd ;
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia ! when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair ! with downcast look
Mind not so much the murm'ring brook ;
Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe :
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping like sick linnet sit.
With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing ;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair ;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye ;
And by this bur about the Moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell :
And news the boding night-birds tell ;

Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow ;
And hens portentous when they crow ;
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat ;
In taper find no winding-sheet :
Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee :
Or when the coruscation gleams,
Find out not first the bloody streams ;
Nor in imprest remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep ;
Nor rise to see in antique hall
The moonlight monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass
Trailing their sables o'er the grass,
Let vice and guilt act how they please
In souls, their conquer'd provinces ;
By Heaven's just charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears,
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,
Live at discretion in your breast ?
Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
As notions, meteors of the brain ;
And sights perform'd, illusive scene !
By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
Where decent Mirth and Wisdom join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind.
Call back the Cupids to your eyes,
I see the godlings with surprise.
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light. —

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein, when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain ;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falsehood with them shall disagree ;
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread :
Nor bigots who but one way see
Through blinkers of authority.
Nor they who its four saints defame
By making virtue but a name ;
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail !)
Artists, who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought ;
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and standard touch :
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark,
With necklace bells in treble bark :
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come, nymph, with rural honours drest,
Virtue's exterior form confest,
With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence ;
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit ;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;

And beauty like the ray-clipt Sun,
With bolder eye we look upon;
Learning shall with obsequious mien
Tell all the wonders she has seen ;
Reason her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion sit ;
Religion with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense ;
Philosophy and she embrace,
And their first league again take place ;
And Morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the sisters chief surround ;
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing Beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck ;
Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls instead of leaves :
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing ;
And flow'rs lean forward from their seats,
To traffic in exchange of sweets ;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity entreats
The fair to grace its upper seats.
O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life ;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For Satire's shots but slightly graze ;

We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you ;
For actions right are beauteous too ;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true nature find :
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How steams create tempestuous air,
Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make Heav'n and you serene again.
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes ;
We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began :
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam :
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak ;
Our watch how Luna strays above
Feels like the care of jealous love ;
And all things we in science know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father ! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe the foundress well
Who on these banks delights to dwell ;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,

Greatness delighted to undress ;
Science a sceptr'd hand caress ;
A queen the friends of freedom prize ;
A woman wise men canonize,

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd ;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings ;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry :
'Twas gone ! she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing ;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove ;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who, only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien :
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
A Venus kill her bird.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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